

And presently.

Woer. She would have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?

Woer. No.

Doct. Twas very ill done then,
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Woer. Alas

I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if yee make a noyse,
If she intreate againe, doe any thing,
Lye with her if she aske you.

Iaylor. Hoa there *Doctor.*

Doctor. Yes in the waie of cure.

Iaylor. But first by your leave
I'th way of honestie,

Doctor. That's but a nicenesse,
Nev'r cast your child away for honestie;
Cure her first this way, then if shee will be honest,
She has the path before her.

Iaylor. Thanke yee *Doctor.*

Doctor. Pray bring her in
And let's see how shee is.

Iaylor. I will, and tell her
Her *Palamon* staies for her: But *Doctor,*
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong still.

Exit Iaylor.

Doct. Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honestie?
And we should give her physicke till we finde that:

Woer. Why, doe you thinke she is not honest Sir?

Doctor. How old is she?

Woer. She's eightene.

Doctor. She may be,
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpose,
What ere her Father saies, if you perceave
Her moode inclining that way that I spoke of
Videlicet, the way of flesh, you have me.

Woer. Yet very well Sir.

Doctor. Please her appetite
And doe it home, it cures her *ipso facto,*

The

The mellencholly humour that infects her.

Woer. I am of your minde *Doctor.*

Enter Iaylor, Daughter, Maide.

Doctor. You'l finde it so; she comes, pray honour her.

Iaylor. Come, your Love *Palamon* staies for you childe,
And has done this long houre, to visite you.

Daughter. I thanke him for his gentle patience,
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,
Did you nev'r see the horse he gave me?

Iaylor. Yes.

Daugh. How doe you like him?

Iaylor. He's a very faire one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Iaylor. No.

Daugh. I have often.

He daunces very finely, very comely,
And for a ligge, come cut and long taile to him,
He turnes ye like a Top.

Iaylor. That's fine indeede.

Daugh. Hee'l dance the Morris twenty mile an houre,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish,
And gallops to the turne of *Light a' love,*
What thinke you of this horse?

Iaylor. Having these vertues
I thinke he might be broght to play at Tennis.

Daugh. Alas that's nothing.

Iaylor. Can he write and reade too.

Daugh. A very faire hand, and casts himselfe th'accounts
Of all his hay and provender: That Hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him; you know
The Chestnut Mare the Duke has?

Iaylor. Very well.

Daugh. She is horribly in love with him, poore beast,
But he is like his master coy and scornefull.

Iaylor. What dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty strike of Oates, but hee'l ne're have her;

He